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THE OBSERVATOR.

Of the Foreign News. Of the Nambers of the French *and* Bavarians *taken Prisoners, Deserted, and Kill'd. Of the Consequences of that most Glorious Victory. A Story from the* Isle *of* Wight.

From **Saturday** September the 2d, to **Wednesday** September the 6th, 1704.

Obs. MERRY still, Honest *Country-man*: I see by thy Countenance thou hast brought some good News.

Country-man. We have nothing but good News at *London*.

Obs. Prithee open thy Budget, and pull it out.

Country-man. I don't know where to begin; I must take it as it rises. Here, *Joan*, bring a Bottle of *October*: Here, Master *Observator*, a good Health to the Duke of *Marlborough*, that has recovered me from a Fit of the Vapours, that held me for two Years together: Your Spirit of *Hart-horn*, and *Sal volatile Oleosum*, is nothing to a Fighting Story in that Distemper. Come, here's a good Health to his Grace, with all my Heart.

Obs. I'll Pledge thee sincerely, and when the Folk at Sea do something worth taking Notice of, we'll Drink their Healths too. Had the Count *de Tholouse* been serv'd such a Trick as has been put upon *Tallard* and *Bavaria*, *France* would have had two very Lame Legs to stand upon for the future.

Country-m. You'll say so when I have told you the News. I'll dip my Hand into my Budget; and in the first Place here comes out 40 Thousand *French* and *Bavarians* Kill'd, Drowned, taken Prisoners, and Deserted to our Army. O Raree Show: O Fine Show: O Poor *Jacobites* and *High-Flyers*, how they look at this Sight? They are Disconsolate, like their Grand Master the *French* King.

The next thing I have in my Hands is a Womans Petticoats, and out of my Budget comes Mistress *Bavaria*, with her Heels Foremost, Poor Woman! I'll warrant her she had a good Portion, and now she looks worse than my *Joan*: But I commend her, she is gone with her Five Children to Petition the Emperour: Poor Younkers! They can't help the Wickedness of the Rebel, their Father; and I hope the Emperor will show 'em some Mercy, and allow 'em a little Bread and Cheese to keep 'em from Starving and the Parish.

The next thing I present you with is 5000 *Bavarian* Horse, that have Deserted and are come over; and as many Foot that have enter'd themselves into the Service of the Allies.

Here's *Ulm* Besieged, and likely to Surrender; and the Country Fellows are searching the Woods and the Pease-Fields, for the Sculking Soldiers, as you know they did after your Master, the Duke of *Monmouth*.

Obs. Don't grow Insolent amongst your good News.

Country-m. What do I rub your Shins? I don't care who I Anger: I am sure the Day is our own.

——But, Master, the News Papers say, That the Mareschal *Tallard* is put into a *Dark Coach*; I fancy he's Mad, and the next thing we shall hear is, that his Head is Shav'd, and he is sending over to *Olivers Porters* Appartment in *Bedlam*. This Duke of *Marlborough* is a strange Man; he Kills *French* there Abroad, and the Eccho of his Guns Kills *High-Flyers* and *Jacobites* at Home. I protest they Dye away like *Thrushes* and *Robin-Red-Breasts*, in a hard Winter; and if we allow 'em Christian Burial, the Parsons, Clarks, Sextons, and Grave-Diggers will have a fine time on't.

But, Master, the *Jacks* say at *London*, *That we have lost a power of Men in this Action, and that we have Paid very dear for our Victory.*

Obs. Good things are seldom Cheap. Is not the Victory worth what we Paid for it? Were I minded, I could prove it the Cheapest Pennyworth of War that has been bought this Hundred Years. We must not look into the Field of Battel for the Advantage of this Victory. 'Tis the consequence of it that must be brought to the Account of Profit to the Kingdom.

Consider the Loss on both sides, and see how both Armies are likely to be Recruited. The *French* have lost 40 Thousand Men, and those their best Troops, and whoever knows the present Condition of *France*, in respect to Levies, must conclude that the *French* King cannot bring into the Field, as many such Men, as he has lost in many Years.

The Confederates are already Recruited, by the *Bavarian* and *French* Deserters, since this Victory, with as great a Number of Men as it can be imagined they have lost in the Action.

By means of this Victory, the Duke of *Marlborough* is in Possession of the whole Country of *Bavaria*, whose Strong Holds, and Garison Towns must Surrender to him upon Articles of War, or put themselves under his Protection.

The Elector of *Bavaria* is entirely cut off from his Country, and is so far from Protecting his own Dominions, that he is not able to Protect his Wife and Children, who are forc'd to throw themselves on the Emperours Mercy for a separate Maintenance.

The Emperour is now at Liberty to Reinforce his Army in *Italy*, which must give a Diversion to the shatter'd Forces of *France*, in the most unhappy Juncture that ever was.

The Credit of the Arms of *France* is Totally lost by this Glorious Victory. It's Arms will not, for the Future, be reckoned Invincible, and such Potentates as are inclinable to enter into Alliance with the *French* King, by the Example of *Bavaria*, will be taught to know that *France* is not able to Protect its Confederates. We find that *France* did its utmost to preserve *Bavaria*, its best Generals and Troops were employ'd in its Defence, and yet met with the greatest Defeat in the Memory of Man.

'Tis the same thing with Kingdoms as with Merchants, when their Credit is once lost Statutes of Bankrupt soon follow *France* is become a perfect Bankrupt by this fatal Arrest of its Generals and Soldiers, it will not be so easily

Truste

Trusted by the Powers of *Europe* in times to come; and the Spirits of *Frenchmen*, when once sunk, are the hardest recover'd of any.

'Tis true, the Escape of Count *de Tholouse* with the Navy of *France*, has embarassed the Affairs of the Confederates on that side of *Europe*; for hereby he has got an opportunity of putting to Sea. Whilst our Fleet is looking after the new Conquests on the Head-Land of *Gibraltar*, he is Awing those in the Interest of the House of *Austria*, on the Coast of *Catalonia*; and we find, by the Publick Prints, that those at *Barcelona*, who were Confederated on behalf of King *Charles* III. and were Discovered since the Departure of our Fleet, are in a very bad Condition, the Lives of some of 'em must go on that Score.

For my part I don't care how much the dastardly unthinking *Venetians* (who can make no pretensions to the Courage, and Wise Conduct of their Ancestors) may suffer from the Navy of *France*: If that Commonwealth be Insulted, 'tis along of themselves, who might have prevented all Martial Assaults, by a timely Entrance into the Confederacy. Their pretended Neutrality has lost 'em the Empire of the Adriatick Sea, at a time when they had no open Hostility with *France*; and that, if I mistake not my self, ought to have been the Darling Prerogative of *Venice*; for Empire at Sea is preferrable to that at Land, where the Ocean is its Boundary: And now they may see what an Alliance they have carelessly neglected, thro' fear of the *French* Power, which has not been able, with all imaginable Diligence and Succours, to Defend and Preserve its most Potent Ally from Ruin.

But, Honest *Country-man*, to conclude our Discourse on the present News, I must tell you that we han't, and I believe never shall have an Exact Account of the Numbers of the *French* and *Bavarians* Kill'd in this Glorious Action: I find the Peasants, or Country People, are searching their Woods for those that fled from the Battel. Those Fellows give a Knock on the Pate in private, under a Hedge, or in a Ditch, and keep no Account of the Numbers they Kill, nor are they enclined much to give Quarter to a broken Army, since they suffer by Soldiers wherever they come.

I remember I have read a Story in *English* History, That when the *French* Landed at *Southampton*, and having Burnt that Town, March'd into the Country, and were Cut to pieces by the Militia, a Country Fellow was searching the Ditches for Absconders, and spying a *French* General Officer conceal'd, the Officer cry'd out, *Rancon, Rancon*, *Aye*, quoth the Fellow, *Rascal, I know thou art a Rascal*, and lifting up his Flayl beat out the *Frenchmans* Brains. The Stragglers from the *French* and *Bavarian* Army, are in a worse condition than those that were taken Prisoners in the Field of Battel.

Country-m. This Story of yours brings into my Mind a Story upon the Gazette of an Action done in the same Country: We Country Fellows are Brave Men.

Obs. What Story is this?

Country-m. Why, a parcel of Country Fellows took a *French* Ship in the Isle of *Wight*.

Obs. That's new indeed, and much for the Honour of my Country. But, prithee, how was it? I have heard of a Cows catching a Hare, but I never heard of Country-mens taking a Ship before.

Country-m. It's very true: The Ship came to an Anchor the Backside of the Island, which a Gentleman seeing, sent of his Servants with small Arms to Fire upon her, which they and the *Frenchmen* immediately Surrender'd, came and begg'd Pardon of the Country-men, and are now

Obs. Well, I find you *Country men* are fine Fellows.

Country-m. Sir, we and the Sailors are the Support of the dom, and we do love one another dearly, and now those of *Wight* Fellows are Flesh'd, I verily believe, if the *de Tholouse* should come to that Place, they would soon him Prisoner.

Obs. Pray God send him thither then, and that speed too, for I am afraid he's likely to live out the Winter.

Country-m. Come, come, you are so Mad now that you can fill up the Blank you have left for the Sea Victories obtain this Campaign, that you are sower'd, I don't know how. Lo Pleasantly and be Merry, like my self, who have got a g Harvest of Corn and Fighting Stories. Never fear it, our Affairs will be mended in a short time, the Trumpy *Mo* must be Tuned to the same Key, as the Duke of *Marlbo* has Tuned the Drums and Trumpets at Land, or we Play a most Confounded Tune. The People of *England* Dance but upon one Leg, while our Army does so much, our Fleet so little.

Obs. Your Sauce-Pan will run over; have you a mind to brought before the twenty Commissioners of the Bloo Office?

Country-m. Well then, let's leave dabbling in Salt Water, take one Bumper to the Queen, and so to Bed.

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